

ESSAY EXAMPLE #1

My Family is My Strength: My Journey to Pursuing Biochemical Engineering

Hi there! My name is Sam, and I want to share with you why my family, education, and dreams mean so much to me. You see, my family is like the glue that holds me together, even though things haven't always been easy.

I live with my mom and dad, but they're not together anymore. They got divorced when I was younger, and it was tough. I remember feeling sad and confused, but my parents always made sure to remind me that it wasn't my fault. They showed me that even when things change, family is forever.

Despite our struggles, my parents have always emphasized the value of education. They may not have had the opportunity to go to college themselves, but they've always encouraged me to dream big and work hard. They believe that education is the key to unlocking a better future, and I couldn't agree more.

Growing up, we didn't have a lot of money. We lived paycheck to paycheck, and sometimes things were really tight. But my parents taught me that wealth isn't just about money; it's about the richness of our experiences, the love we share, and the knowledge we gain. They showed me that even in the face of poverty, we can still reach for the stars.

Now, as I look ahead to my future, I dream of majoring in biochemical engineering. I'm fascinated by how living organisms work and how we can use that knowledge to make the world a better place. I want to contribute to scientific discoveries that can improve lives and protect our planet.

In my family, we often talk about our dreams around the dinner table. My mom says, "Sam, you can do anything you set your mind to." My dad chimes in, "Just remember to stay true to yourself and never give up." And I believe them. I believe in the power of education, the strength of family, and the magic of pursuing our passions.

So, as I prepare to apply to college, I carry with me the lessons of my past and the hopes of my future. I know that with the love and support of my family, the value of education, and the determination to follow my dreams, I can achieve anything. And maybe, just maybe, I can make a difference in the world through biochemical engineering.

Thank you for listening to my story. I hope it inspires you to hold onto your dreams, embrace your family, and never underestimate the power of education. We're all capable of greatness; we just have to believe in ourselves and take that first step towards our dreams.

Warm regards,

Sam

ESSAY EXAMPLE #2

My Journey: From Chess to Culinary Dreams

Hi there! My name is Alex, and I'm in my final year of high school. I wanted to share with you a little bit about myself and my aspirations for the future.

Ever since I was a little kid, I've always been fascinated by the game of chess. The way each piece moves strategically on the board never fails to amaze me. I spend countless hours practicing and playing with friends, always striving to improve my skills.

In addition to my love for chess, I have a deep admiration for a famous chef named Chef Mia. Her culinary creations are nothing short of spectacular, and watching her cook is like witnessing magic in the kitchen. I dream of following in her footsteps and pursuing a major in business with a focus on culinary arts.

Despite my busy schedule, I always make time to cook meals for my family. There's something special about preparing a delicious dish and seeing the smiles it brings to their faces. Cooking is not just a hobby for me; it's a way to show love and care for those around me.

Recently, my grandmother was diagnosed with dementia. It has been a challenging time for my family, but it has also taught me the importance of cherishing every moment we have together. I try to create memories with her through cooking her favorite meals and spending quality time together.

In the midst of this plethora of experiences, I have come to realize the impactful role that food plays in our lives. It has the power to bring people together, evoke memories, and create lasting bonds. Cooking has been an amazing outlet for me to express myself and connect with others on a deeper level.

One movie that has had a life-changing impact on me is "Ratatouille." The story of Remy, the rat with a passion for cooking, taught me that no dream is too big to pursue. It inspired me to believe in myself and follow my passion, no matter how unconventional it may seem to others.

In conclusion, my journey from playing chess to pursuing a career in the culinary world has been nothing short of amazing. I am excited to see where this path takes me and how I can make a positive impact through my love for food. Thank you for taking the time to read about my story.

Warm regards,

Alex

ESSAY EXAMPLE #3

Leading the March: My Journey as a Drum Major

As the sun dipped below the horizon, casting a warm glow over the football field, I stood at the helm of the marching band, baton in hand. The crisp evening air filled with the sound of brass and drums, reverberating through the stadium. It was a moment of pure magic, a culmination of months of hard work and dedication.

From the moment I first joined the marching band as a freshman, I knew I wanted to lead. I started off in the back, a mere trombone player, but my eyes were always on the front, where the drum majors stood tall, commanding the attention of the entire ensemble. I practiced tirelessly, honing my musical skills and studying the art of leadership.

When the opportunity arose for me to audition for the position of drum major in my junior year, I seized it with both hands. The audition process was rigorous, testing not only my musical abilities but also my charisma and presence on the field. And when the final decision was made, and I was chosen to lead the band, it was a dream come true.

Stepping into the role of drum major was like stepping into a new world. Suddenly, I was responsible for more than just playing the right notes at the right time. I was responsible for setting the tone of rehearsals, for inspiring my fellow bandmates, for embodying the spirit of the music we played. It was a challenge unlike any I had faced before, but I embraced it wholeheartedly.

As I raised my baton that evening, signaling the start of our performance, I felt a surge of adrenaline. The music swelled around me, and I felt the eyes of the band locked on me, waiting for my cue. I led with confidence, guiding the ensemble through intricate formations and tempo changes. With each step, each gesture, I felt myself growing into the role of a true leader.

But leadership is not just about giving orders and directing others. It's about connecting with people, understanding their strengths and weaknesses, and helping them grow. I made it my mission to support my fellow bandmates, to encourage them when they faltered, to celebrate their successes. Together, we formed a tight-knit community, united by our love for music and our dedication to excellence.

As the final notes of our performance echoed into the night, I knew that I had found my place in the marching band. I had not only led the ensemble through a flawless performance but had also grown as a musician and as a person. The experience of playing a leadership role in the marching band had shaped me in ways I could have never imagined, teaching me the true meaning of teamwork, dedication, and passion.

And as I stood there, bathed in the afterglow of our performance, I knew that this was just the beginning of my journey as a leader. The drum major may lower their baton at the end of a performance, but the spirit of leadership lives on, guiding me forward into whatever challenges may come my way.

ESSAY EXAMPLE #4

My Big Dream: A Letter to College Admissions

Dear College Admissions,

I'm writing to tell you about a day I will never forget. It was the championship football game, and I was the kicker. The score was tied, and there were only a few seconds left on the clock. I lined up the ball, closed my eyes, and kicked with all my might. The ball sailed through the air, right between the goalposts. The crowd roared, and my teammates lifted me up on their shoulders. It was the winning field goal, and it was all because of my hard work and determination.

I have always looked up to famous professional football players like Tom Brady and RG3. They inspire me to push myself harder, to never give up, and to always be a team player. Just like them, I want to make a difference on the field and in the world. I dream of playing at the highest level one day, just like my heroes.

Growing up, I was raised by my single father. He worked long hours to provide for our family, but he always made time to support me in everything I do. He taught me the value of perseverance, sacrifice, and love. I want to make him proud and show him that all his hard work has paid off.

In conclusion, I may only be 18, but I have big dreams and an even bigger heart. I believe that with the right opportunity, I can achieve anything I set my mind to. I hope you will consider my application and give me the chance to pursue my passion for football and make a difference in the world.

Thank you for your time and consideration.

Sincerely,
Damian

ESSAY EXAMPLE #5

Discovering Resilience: My Journey of Growth from a Mission Trip to Haiti

I couldn't contain my excitement as I boarded the plane to Haiti for my first mission trip. The warm sun kissed my face, and the vibrant colors of the tropical landscape filled my senses. Little did I know that this journey would not only change my perspective on life but also shape me into a more resilient person.

As we arrived in the village, I was greeted by smiling children who held my hand and led me to their homes. The simplicity of their lives struck me—the joy they found in the smallest things, despite the challenges they faced. One little girl, Marie, captured my heart with her bright eyes and infectious laughter. Through broken Creole and gestures, we formed a bond that transcended language barriers.

One day, while helping to rebuild a school destroyed by a recent hurricane, I met an elderly man named Jean. His weathered face told a story of hardship and loss, yet his spirit remained unbroken. As we worked side by side, he shared tales of resilience and hope, teaching me the power of perseverance in the face of adversity.

During our evening reflections, I opened up to my team about my struggles back home—the pressure to excel in school, the fear of failure, and the constant need for validation. Through tears and laughter, we shared our vulnerabilities and fears, realizing that strength comes from embracing our weaknesses.

One rainy afternoon, a sudden downpour flooded the village, leaving many families homeless. As we rushed to help, I felt a sense of urgency and purpose like never before. Working together, we built shelters, provided food, and offered comfort to those in need. In those moments of chaos, I discovered the true meaning of compassion and solidarity.

On our last day, as I said goodbye to Marie, Jean, and the villagers, I felt a mix of emotions—gratitude for the experiences shared, sadness at leaving newfound friends, and hope for a better future. Their resilience in the face of adversity inspired me to face my own challenges with courage and determination.

Looking back on my journey to Haiti, I realize that it was not just a mission trip, but a transformative experience that shaped my character and worldview. The lessons learned—resilience in the face of hardship, compassion for others, and the power of community—continue to guide me on my path towards personal growth and understanding.

In the end, Haiti gave me more than I could ever give back. It gave me a new perspective on life, a deeper appreciation for the human spirit, and a sense of purpose beyond myself. And for that, I will be forever grateful.

ESSAY EXAMPLE #6

The Color of Everything

There's a theory that even though each color has a specific wavelength that never changes, how people perceive a specific color may have subtle differences based on small differences in photoreceptors, and the color that one person might consider red might still be red in another's mind but could look different—a little duller, softer, cooler.

Furthermore, how a person's brain processes the color may also be linked to that person's environment. Some studies have suggested that color sensitivity could be linked to one's native languages: for example, people who speak languages that have specific names for eleven colors are able to easily distinguish those eleven colors, but people who speak languages with fewer color specific words may have a harder time distinguishing them.

So it appears that even at the most elementary level of sight, the world is not an objective thing. Instead, what we know and what we remember can influence what and how we see. The color blue may just be the color blue to a three-year-old, perhaps her favorite color even, but an adult might connect it to so much more—the lake by his childhood home or the eye color of a loved one.

I first consciously became aware of the power that our experiences have to change perception when I went to turn on a light in my house after learning about photons in class. What had previously been a mundane light suddenly became a fascinating application of atomic structure, and I thought that I could almost perceive the electrons jumping up and down from energy level to energy level to produce the photons that I saw. I then realized that my world had steadily been changing throughout my years in school as I learned more and more. I now see oligopolies in the soda aisles of the supermarkets. I see the charges warring with each other in every strike of lightning, and the patterns of old American politics still swaying things today. Knowledge and making connections with that knowledge is the difference between seeing the seven oceans glittering in the sun and merely seeing the color blue. It's the difference between just seeing red and seeing the scarlet of roses blooming, the burgundy of blood pumping through veins, and the crimson of anger so fierce that you could burst. Knowledge is color; it is depth, and it is seeing a whole new world without having to move an inch.

It is knowledge, too, that can bring people together. I love listening to people's stories and hearing about what they know and love, because if I learn about what they know, I can learn how they see the world; consequently, since behavior is often based upon perception, I can understand why a person behaves the way they do. On a road trip during the summer, my mom kept looking up at the streetlights lining the highways. When I asked why, she told me that whenever she saw lights by a highway she would wonder if her company had made them. She would guess how tall they were, how wide, and what style they were. She told me that ever since she started working for her company, lights no longer were just lights to her. They were a story of people who first had to measure the wind speed to figure out what dimension the lights had to be, and then of engineers, of money passing hands—possibly even under her own supervision as an accountant—and then of transportation, and of the people who had to install them. I might never perceive lights the exact way my mother does or see her “red” but by hearing her describe what she knows, I can understand her world and realize her role in ours.

Beauty and color are in the world, but it is seeking the unknown and making new connections that unlocks them from their greyscale cage.

ESSAY EXAMPLE #7

Waking Up Early

Getting out of bed in the middle of a long, New Hampshire winter was never easy, but some mornings were especially difficult. On those particularly tough mornings, when the temperature could no longer be measured in the comfortable world of positive numbers, my dad would be up before the sun. He would turn on the gas fireplace in his bedroom, carry milk, cereal, bowls, and spoons upstairs, and then wake up me and my siblings. We would wrap ourselves in blankets as we ate our breakfast by the fire. I would complain about having to wake up early, never considering that my dad had been up long before.

Every morning for years he woke me up, packed my lunch, and drove me to school. He helped me with homework, coached my soccer team, and taught me how to ski. Even as I've gotten older and started to pour my own cereal, my dad hasn't stopped waking up early. He gets up long before my alarm clock even thinks about waking me, walks to his office (a desk, chair, and laptop situated above our garage) and starts to work. He works nearly every day, only taking the occasional break to engage in such leisure activities as splitting wood and mowing the lawn. As I've grown older, I've looked up to him more and more.

There have been times in the past four years when I've come home with seemingly unbearable amounts of homework and I've thought, "I could settle for a B on this essay" or "How important really are the laws of thermodynamics?" On those late nights, when I'm on the verge of trading my notebooks in for a TV remote, I think about my dad. I think about how hard he's worked to make my life easier, and I realize that mediocrity isn't a viable option. I go downstairs, pour myself a glass of ice water, turn on some music, and get back to my work.

Sometimes it's hard to imagine my dad being young, but twenty-nine years ago, my dad was entering his senior year at Gilford High School. He had won a soccer championship under head coach Dave Pinkham, and was on track for another title that year. He was doing lawn care with his brother to make some extra money, and dreading the speech he would have to make at graduation.

I am now entering my senior year at Gilford High School. I won a soccer championship under the same Dave Pinkham as a sophomore, and hopefully I'm heading toward another this year. I'm running Leggett Lawn Care (which, despite its two unofficial part-time employees, has not yet gone public) and denying the inevitability of the speech I have to make this June. I'm keeping up my grades and trying to emulate my dad by putting others first. I teach Sunday School at my church, support the freshmen and sophomores on my soccer team, and give up countless hours of sleep helping my classmates with calculus. It's now my turn to go out into the world and figure out what I want to do and who I want to become. I don't know exactly where I see myself in five years; I don't even know which state I'll be living in next fall. I do know though that if I'm half the man my father is (which genetically I am), I'll have the strength and humility that I need to selflessly contribute to the world around me.

ESSAY EXAMPLE #8

Butterfly

I have always envied the butterfly.

Its graceful poise as it glides through the air; the blissful flutter of its wings as it courageously embarks upon life's journeys. Its ambitious and adaptive nature—a change-maker and discoverer, a trendsetter in the animal world, a leader amongst other species. Charles Darwin said, “it is not the strongest of species that survives, nor the most intelligent. It is the one most adaptable to change.” I envy the butterfly's adaptive approach to change, making them the silent leaders of the animal kingdom.

It was at age nine, on a family trip to the Boston Museum of Science, that I was first drawn to the breathtaking butterfly. As I stepped into the butterfly's endless capsule of nature, the flamboyant and audacious nature of the butterfly was captivating—their vibrant colors flaunted proud and shame-free, central to their persona but not defining of their personality. Their extraordinary courage in self-expression brought a little boy great inspiration. As someone who has questioned and struggled with my identity and accepting my queerness throughout life, the butterfly exemplified what it meant to be bold, courageous, and proud to a young boy who was lacking in all of those.

I vividly recall one butterfly standing out among its comrades. Being an uncreative third-grader, I named my new friend Bloo due to his radiant cerulean shades descending from darkness to light as they progressed from the wing's base. I watched Bloo soar, using his wings to glide far above the dainty and fragile stereotypes placed on him by society. I admire the profound growth Bloo must have achieved to get here, at one point a timid and powerless inchworm evolved into a carefully-crafted canvas of power. Bloo exemplified the strength and pride that I needed to begin accepting my identity. Looking back on this brief encounter with Bloo, I recall how he taught an insecure child self-acceptance. From here, I began to internalize the butterfly's power. I began to molt into a new skin with fledgling wings.

As I progressed through life with these newly-discovered wings, I became increasingly drawn to observing butterflies in nature. They have proven much more than just precious gems found amongst clouds or prize trophies for kindergarteners to catch in their nets. The butterfly has shown itself as the hidden alpha of the animal kingdom—a leader and trendsetter amongst organisms both small and large, a fearless change-maker enabling them to outsurvive the rest for the past fifty-six million years.

With the wings and strength of the butterfly latched to my shoulders, I proudly embraced the challenge posed by this delicate yet powerful creature—to be a leader and a change-maker. Recognizing many social injustices in my community, I was inspired by the butterfly to become a voice of change. Driven by the butterfly's creativity, I developed a social justice discussion program to take place at my high school, and became a local leader and fighter against corrupt politics in the 2020 election cycle. Bloo reminds me that time moves quickly and I must never settle nor lose focus in the crusade for justice. I hope to use this fragile time to advocate for equality in medicine, combining my passion for science with advocacy to leave a lasting legacy.

Today, the lessons taught by the butterfly are never far from my mind, whether I'm sitting in my English classroom discussing Beowulf, dreading the prospect of my upcoming integral exam, or even studying Darwin in Biology.

All these years later, as I ponder my defining characteristics and core values, I recognize that it is my time to become the butterfly—to embody Darwin's words and face life with the courage to create change as I break free from my cocoon and enter the long-awaited adult world.